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1. Christmas - Poetry, songs, hymns, etc.
2. Poetry - Collections

RDH

☆Publishers WEEKLY
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NAEM

Vose

"Merry Christmas"

To You

My Friend

"Do the angels know the blessed day,
And strike their harps anew?
Then may the echo of their lay
Float sweetly down to you."

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1907
M.G.C.

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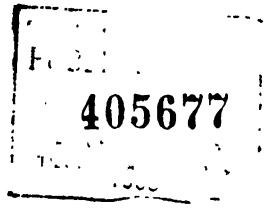

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—Compiler

The Gorham Press, Boston

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I

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hark, throughout Christendom joy-bells are ringing,
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee.

ANON

Christmas bells once more are ringing,
Sounding far and wide;
Joyful voices, carols singing,
Welcome Christmastide,
And the story grand repeating
This new Christmas morn,
While our hearts with joy are beating,
How the Lord was born.

KATE M. HUMPHREYS

The bells are mad with joy in the steeple,
And a joyous people abate their mirth
To hark to the ryhthmic undulating
Inundating the old new earth.

ROSALIND E. JONES

Gayly ring the old church bells;
What is it they say?
Christian people all rejoice,
It is Christmas Day.
Lay your work, your sorrows, by,
Happy be and gay;
For but once in the long year
Cometh Christmas Day.

ANON

Through the frosty air are ringing
Christmas chimes, glad tidings bringing;
Hark! the bells in cadence swinging—
"In excelsis gloria!"

MIRIAM LESTER

Ring out, glad bells, on Christmas Day
From all the courts of earth!
Ring out in the same blessed way
That rang the Savior's birth!

Ring out! ring out! glad Christmas bells!
For so our Lord is given!
Now earth her joyous anthem tells,
An answering choir from heaven!

MIRIAM LESTER

This is the day that Christ was born!
  Hark to the music, sweet and wild,
That wakens glad hearts and forlorn,
  To greet the blessed Child!

O silver bells, that ring so clear,
  All the wintry morning gray,
Rouse up the sleeping world to hear
  That Christ was born to-day!

MARY E. BRADLEY

I heard the bells of Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
  Of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep;
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
  With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Hark! the bells — the glad Christmas bells —
Ring in the crystal morn;
The old, sweet tale their music tells,
Of how, in Bethlehem, born

Was Christ the Lord,— our Savior, King.
Joy, joy the world around!
Oh! let us, while these memories cling,
Teach some sad heart the sound.

Ring far and near, sweet Christmas chimes,
The angels' song of joy;
And waft us back to those glad times
Which blessed the world for aye.

M.

Ring merry, merry bells
The Christmas morn;
Ring out a joyful peal!
The Savior comes,
The Christ is born;
He comes to save and heal.

ANON.

II

MIRTH

It is meet that we should make merry and be glad.—Luke XV: 32.

Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

ANON.

The holly glows upon the wall,
The fair green wreaths are twining,
The yule tree blazes in the hall,
The Christmas lights are shining;
The breezes come, the breezes go,
Their gladsome tidings bringing,
And full across the winter snow
The Christmas bells are ringing.

MARIE, So. Quincy

Now in happy homes the hearth is glowing,
And friends long severed meet with festive cheer;
Without, the wintry winds may rave and riot,
No element discordant enters here.

H. M. B.

Christmas morning everywhere!
Bells are ringing!
Christians singing!
Nature feels the hour of prayer;
Merry jingling!
Happy mingling:
Loved ones grouped in tableaux fair;
Joyous greeting!
Moments fleeting!
Christmas morning everywhere.

Christmas morning everywhere!
Rare surprises—
Faint surmises—
Who could cherish love so true?
Happy laughter
Coming after,
Tiny labels peeping through;
Joyous greeting,
Moments fleeting,
Happiness is in the air!
Christmas morning everywhere.

A. F. V.

'Tis thy birthday, gentle Lord,
Now we keep at shrine or board;
Surely, at the Festival,
Thou shouldst be the chief of all.

Now along the bustling street,
Children run, with lightsome feet;
Meet them, Lord, and, as they go,
Blessings, as of old, bestow.

All about the household hearth
Circles inoffensive mirth;
Elder Brother of our race,
Mix the livliness with grace!

Joy on every face is flung;
Cakes are eat, and songs are sung;
One rude rhyme, amidst the glee,
Well may rise, dear Lord, to Thee.

LORD KINLOCH

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls;
And all the night the heavens shine,
With lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With " Merry Christmas " in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear,
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the " Merry Christmas " prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song—
" Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin.

ANON.

III

Joy

Break forth into joy; sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people.—Isa. LII: 9.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth;
Ay! the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!

J. G. HOLLAND

Awake, awake, all earth, and sing!
Your kindling harps to concert bring:
From every isle, and every shore,
The choral volumes sweetly pour.
Then high as heaven your anthems swell,
The joy of man redeemed to tell;
A tide of life, not death can stem,
Was in the Star of Bethlehem!

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD

Hark! Hark! the notes of joy
  Roll o'er the heavenly plains;
And seraphs find employ
  For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

ANDREW REED, D. D.

Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

CHARLES WESLEY

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns!
  Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
  Repeat the sounding joy.

ISAAC WATTS

We come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannas to our King.

ANON.

Oh, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
  And hail a Savior's birth:
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all triumphant came
  To bless the sons of earth!

JANE ELIZABETH ROSCOE

God will henceforth to man be given;
  The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
  And saints below rejoice with mirth;
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah's children hail their King.

THOMAS MOORE

Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
  Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Savior come!
  And leap, ye lame, for joy!

CHARLES WESLEY

Joy to the world! and to the Highest glory!
This is the day, and this the auspicious morn—
That day so long foretold in ancient story—
"To us a Son is given—a child is born!"

Let the glad tidings spread o'er land and water—
Rejoice, O earth! the reign of Sin is past!
Rise, shout for joy, O Zion's weeping daughter!
Thy Great Deliverer is come at last!

Miss H. G. Halpine

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Isaac Watts

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing, with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Martin Luther

Rejoice! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

CHARLES WESLEY

Angels assist our mighty joys!
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim!
Angels and men wake every string;
'Tis Christ the Savior's praise we sing!

ANDREW REED, D. D.

Ring out the bells for Christmastide,
And hail the Christmas morning!
Glad voices sing—
Bright flowers bring,
Each heart and home adorning;
For love leads through a royal way;
The poorest heart is rich to-day!

Ring out the bells for Christmastide!
From voice to voice repeating,
"With joy we bring
Our offering,
True love alone, for greeting,
(With those who kissed His garments' hem),
To the Christ-child of Bethlehem!"

SARAH D. CLARK

Let every living thing give praise,
The earth be filled with holy mirth,
Since God and man are reconciled,
And Peace has come to dwell on earth.

J. D. S.

IV

SHEPHERDS

There were shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.—*Luke II:* 8, 9.

Night on Judea's plains,
The lowly shepherds kept their silent watch
Around their flocks. In deep and hushed repose
Did favored Bethlehem lie, while, near at hand,
Jerusalem, the mother of the tribes,
The queenly city, throned on Zion's hill,
In peace reposed. The stately temple rose
In grace and beauty towering to the skies.
Went there no sound from out thy palace walls
Thou ancient city! breathing to the soul
That he thy King, the anointed Son of God,
Drew near to bless the waiting hearts of men?
But lo! as on the plains of Bethlehem
The Shepherds sat, a ray of heavenly light,
Even the glory of the mighty God,
Shone round about them, while a form of light,
The angel of the Lord, appeared. With awe
And dread profound, the astonished shepherds gazed.
" Fear not," the angel said, "behold this night
Good tidings of great joy I bring to you
And all mankind."

Y. L. E.

Keene, N. H.

Deep was the midnight silence in the fields
Of Bethlehem; hushed the folds; save that at times
Was heard the lamb's faint bleat; the shepherds stretched
On the green sward surveyed the starry vault,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord
The firmament shows forth Thy handiwork:"
Thus they, their hearts attuned to the most High;—
When suddenly a splendid cloud appeared,
As if a portion of the milky way
Descended slowly in the spiral course.
Near and more near it draws; then, hovering, floats
High as the soar of eagle, shedding bright,
Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance,
From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice,—
"Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy.
For unto you is born this day a Savior!"

GRAHAME

The night goes on, and Bethlehem still sleeps.
The wakeful shepherds, watching in the fields.
Draw close to one another, searching in
Each other's eyes with a half-fearful gaze,
And ask, in whispers, what has charmed the world.
Sudden the light air wakens in the palm;
The half-shut blossoms spring to wider bloom;
The serpent on the rock, with writhe and hiss,
Slips to his covert: and a flash of light
Fills all the sky, as if the universe
Sent out a lightning of electric joy.
And then commences, from an angel host,
The singing of the birth-chant.

AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL

The night swept cool o'er Bethlehem's plain,
And folded close the distant hill;
Alone the weary shepherds watched,
While all their drowsy flocks were still.
Above the silent stars moved on,
Each in its own majestic way.
Who dreamed the Son of man had come,
And in a Bethlehem manger lay?

A. D. F. RANDOLPH

A little band of shepherds watched among the
Syrian rocks,
Lest hungry lions of the hill should tear the sleeping
flocks.
Devout and simple-hearted men, their timid sheep
they kept
Beneath the wintry starlight, while the world around
them slept.
Peace brooded over Galilee and Nazareth's barren
hill;
Along the Jordan's lonely banks the night hung
dark and still.
The mighty angel of the Lord, upon that hillside
bare,
Descended to the shepherd men, and stood before
them there;
" Fear not! I bring you tidings of great joy!"
And on their sight
The darkness blossomed suddenly to strange and
awful light.

ETTA W. PIERCE

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts the azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Humility, on Judah's hills,
  Watching her fleecy care,
Turns to an angel voice, that fills
  With love the midnight air.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The little lambs were lying still,
  One bright and starry night;
The shepherds were beside the flocks;
  When suddenly a light
Was seen, and music soft and sweet,
  Rang on the listening ear,
And loving words from God to man
  Were echoed loudly clear.

The shepherds then were sore afraid,
  They knew not what it meant,
Nor why the glorious light was there,
  And the bright angel sent.
But straight from heaven, in light array'd,
  In God's almighty name,
To give His message unto man,
  That holy angel came.

ANON.

V

BIRTH

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.—Luke II: 10, 11.

" Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD

Hail, all hail, the joyous morn!
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a son is given.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

Lift your hearts in adoration,
  Joyful news to you I bring;
Unto man is born a Savior,
  Let the earth receive her King.
Open wide the yielding portal
  Of your hearts, ye fond and true,
Welcome in the joys immortal
  He will freely give to you.

ANON.

Unto us a child is born!
  Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
  Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a son is given;
  He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
  Holy peace and holy love.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

" Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
  Had seized their troubled mind;
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
  To you and all mankind.

" To you, in David's town, this day
  Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
  And this shall be the sign:—

" The heavenly babe you there shall find
  To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
  And in a manger laid."

BISHOP PATRICK

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
  The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
  Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. SEARS

From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:—

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

MARTIN LUTHER

The message was for you and me,
  And all the world beside.
And this is what the angel said,
  That lovely Christmastide;
"Fear not, for behold I bring
  Tidings of joy and love;
For unto you is born this day,
  The Lord from heaven above.
A little infant ye shall see
  Within a manger laid;
Go ye, and find your Savior now,
  And be no more dismay'd."

ANON.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon the earth.

ANGELUS SILESIUS

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

MARTIN LUTHER

Hail we now the newborn King,
Whose throne is in the sky;
Again He comes, a welcome guest,
To every lowly manger-breast;
And " Glory be to God," we sing,
While heaven and earth with anthems ring,
And we with angels vie.

HENRY M. KING, D. D.

God bowed to man, and still doth bow;
For Christ is born again, and now,
In those who seek in Him the way,
As when in Judah's stall He lay.

O Father! plant in us to-night
This living Christ, our life, our light,
And send thine angels down again
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS

O heart! what helps it that the knee
  Upon His natal spot is bended?
What helps it reverently to see
  The grave from which He soon ascended?
Let Him within thee find his birth;
  And do thou die to things of earth,
And live Him; let this be for aye
  Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.

ANON.

VI

ANGELS

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.—Luke II: 13.

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD

Hark to that soft melodious music swelling!
From angels' harps the glorious anthem rings;
Unto earth's weary, suffering children telling
Of the glad advent of the King of kings.

MRS. H. G. HALPINE

Hark! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still;
Now wild it floats,
In tuneful notes,
Loud, sweet, and shrill.

Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join.

SALISBURY COLL

Hark! from Judea's hills I hear
  Th' exultant shepherds' glad reply
  To shining heralds from the sky,
Who bring good tidings, rousing Midnight's ear,
  And lo! a bright innumerous throng
  In chorus swell, and through all heaven prolong,
The rapturous strains which first on earth began,—
" Glory to God! Peace and good-will to men!"

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmurings o'er the raptured soul.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Through the solemn midnight ringing
Falls the sweet, triumphant singing
Of the choir of God.
Hear the message they are bringing,
Hear the answering song upspringing
From the echoing sod.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON

Descending angels hovering there,
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air,
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold,
When that high anthem, clear and strong and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran.

ANON.

Angelic hosts, with loud acclaim,
Sound and repeat the Savior's name
And herald, as their anthems roll,
The new creation of the soul.

CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS

O'er Bethlehem's plain what glory breaks
  Upon a world of guilt and sin?
What brilliance in the heavens awakes
  The shepherds from their dreams within?

And see, the clouds asunder roll,
  And lo! a seraph form appears,
Whose beauteous face and radiant soul
  Proclaim him from celestial spheres!

And thus he speaks: "Nay, fear not me,
  But list the peace and joy I bring,
From Him who all o'er earth and sea,
  Sheds lustre from His sheltering wing."

ARTHUR N. WILLCUTT

When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
  All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
  And glory shone around.

BISHOP PATRICK

Arrayed in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel comes by night,
To bless the sleeping world below;
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

THOMAS MOORE

The angel spake; when lo! upon the cloud
A multitude of seraphim, enthroned,
Sang praises, saying,—" Glory to the Lord
On high; on earth be peace, good-will to men."
With sweet response harmoniously they choired;
And while, with heavenly harmony, the song
Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throne
Illumed the land.

GRAHAME

To-day let every heart be glad,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song.

REV. F. L. HOSMER

Calm on the listening ear of night
  Come heavens melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains!
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
  Make music on the air.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
  With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on heavenly wing;
And ever o'er its babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS

VII

THE SONG

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.—Luke II: 14.

Hark! the angel-bands are singing,
" Peace on earth, good-will toward men."
Thro' Heaven's lofty arches ringing,
Swells the blessed glad refrain.

Shepherds hear the wondrous story,
Watching on the star-lit plain;—
" Peace on earth, to God be glory;"
List the glad triumphant strain.

As when shepherds heard, and sages,
Floats the angel song again,
Echoing softly down the ages:—
" Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

E. V. S.

A heavenly host with joy proclaim
Glad tidings to our race;—
" Glory to our God on high;
To man, good-will and peace."

MRS. A. QUARLES

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given,—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire;
Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever;
"Glory to God on high! on earth be peace!
And love toward men of love—salvation and release!"

JOHN KEBLE

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound."

REV. JOHN CAWOOD

The angel ceased; and suddenly
A host of angels sang,
And the sweet strains of joy and peace
Over the country rang;
" Glory to God in highest heaven,
Peace and good-will on earth."
Never was such a joyous song
To hail an infant's birth.

ANON.

" Glory be to God most high,
And peace, good-will to men;
For Christ the Lord was born to-day,
And in His manger-cradle lay."
The angels sang, and we reply,
And raise our voices to the sky,
And sing and sing again.

HENRY M. KING, D. D.

Blessed night, when first that plain
Echoed with the joyful strain,—
" Peace has come to earth again!"

Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings, glad and dear,—
" God to man is drawing near! "

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

" Glory to God on high!"
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound:

For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

ANON

While resounds the joyful cry,
" Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond, " Amen!"

ANON

Angels bending from the sky
  Chanted at our Savior's birth,—
" Glory be to God on high;
  Peace, good-will to man on earth."

Join we now our feeble lays
  To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
  Glory give to God on high.

HARRIET AUBER

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
  Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
  Addressed their joyful song:

" All glory be to God on high,
  And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
  Begin and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE

" Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS

" Peace, peace on earth!" the heart of man forever
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day;
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed for aye.

" Peace, peace on earth!" for men shall love each other;
Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not destroy;
For men shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfil the angel's joy.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

Never done but always growing,
God unfolds His mighty plan.
Hark! the far-off future showeth
" Peace on earth, good-will to man."

REV. M. J. SAVAGE

VIII

THE MANGER

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.—Luke II: 12, 16, 7.

He came down from heaven to earth,
  Who is King and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a stable,
  And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

ANON.

Long time ago the dawn of day
  Streamed through the low roof thatched and torn,
Where in the straw-clad manger lay
  The Christ-child, of the Virgin born.

ANON.

And the prophets of old,
In their visions have told
Of the place, and the birth,
Of the Lord of the earth,—
Of the wonderful Babe,
In the manger low laid,—
Of the King that is born
On this good Christmas morn.

REV. J. B. STEELE

O Virgin Mother! couldst thou find
  No fitter cradle for thy Son,
  Than the mean and lowly one
Where the infant head reclined?

The Lord of All! Was there on earth
  No palace, crowned with stately dome,
  Where thou couldst feel thyself at home
To give the great Redeemer birth?

O Virgin Mother! thus it was,
  Thy Son was born to suffer shame;
  To bear our sins and woes He came,
Left His high throne to bear the cross!

The poor and lowly of the earth
  He loves with a peculiar love,
  Who, now in glory throned above,
Remembers well His lowly birth.

ANON.

Cleanse the streets! Ply all thy care!
  Slack not, for God's bells are chiming!
Palace chamber quick prepare!
  Up the hill poor Mary's climbing!
Shame! Her to a stable bring!
  Manger-cradle for a King!

Patience! Babe of wondrous birth!
  Bear awhile these degradations!
Time shall be when, e'en on earth,
  We'll proclaim thee King of Nations!
Low before thee bowing down,
Million—millions cast their crown!

W. P. Breed, D.D.

How bright thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams.
The splendor of thy natal night
Shines through all time in deathless light.

From St. Ambrose, by Franck

Imperial the edict the subjects obeying,
The dwellings in Bethlehem are crowded within;
The lineage of David in numbers assembling,
For Joseph and Mary no room in the inn;
No room,—but the stable may shelter a stranger;
No treasures or lofty pretension they bring
The Shepherd of Israel found room in a manger,
The promised Messiah, a Babe and a King.

No room in the ear to receive invitation,
No room in the eye to be moist with a tear,
No room in the heart to cherish contrition,
No room for the stern admonition of fear.
Room for forgetfulness, room for self-pleasure,
Room for indulgence, and room for all sin,
Room for base passions, and room for the tempter;
No room for the great Benefactor within.

Hazleton, Pa. J. J.

No room, O mother! midst the busy throng
  Within, for thee to lay thy newborn child;
Not unto Him, the Holy One, belong
  Comfort and rest and ease; the night wind wild
Pierces the humble roof beneath whose shade,
On lowly couch, the Child of God is laid.

No room for thee amid the angry strife,
  Ambition's arm, pride's wild desire; but still
Though dreary be the darksome night of life,
  And overhead the wild winds whistle shrill,
Thou liest cradled in the loving breast,
That, like to Bethlehem's manger gives thee rest.

ALFRED C. JEWITT

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
  And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
  Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came where slept the royal Child.

JOHN KEBLE

Full at the inn; the birthplace of our King
More lowly yet must be than that rude inn;
More humble sacrifice be made for sin
By Him who will to all salvation bring.

In swaddling clothes among the stalled kine,
His royal bed a manger; but His crown
Supernal light, which from God's throne shone down,
They found the King of kings, the Child divine.

H. C. HAYDEN

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon thou King, so rich and great,
As 't were thy heaven, art throned in state.

MARTIN LUTHER

IX

THE STAR

We (the wise men) have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. II: 2, 9, 10.

And in the East arose a star,
  High over Judah on that morn;
The wise men saw it from afar,
  And knew the great Messiah was born.

ANON.

And now, behold! yon rising star
  Of all its host the brightest gem,
Tells to the nations, near and far,
  That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

ARTHUR N. WILLCUTT

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

WILLIAM C. DIX

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before thy infant feet.

HENRY H. MILMAN, D. D.

The world lay hushed in slumber deep,
And darkness veiled the wind,
When rose upon their shadowy sleep
The star that saves mankind.

It dawns o'er Bethlehem's holy shed,
And, scattering at the sight,
Heaven's idle host at once have fled,
Before that awful light.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Now let the angel song break forth!
For night shall never more be night;
A quenchless star climbs o'er the earth,
A torch lit up from God's own light.

Thou, God, who giv'st our night this star,
Whose circling arm excludeth none,
Oh, may we journey from afar,
To the soul's monarch inly born.

REV. M. D. CONWAY

Oh! star of hope, we hail thy herald gleam
As harbinger of still more glorious light;
So faith, arising, sheds its strengthening beam,
Until our hearts, accepting faith shall seem
Changed into perfect sight.

E. S. S.

But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease;
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Brightest and best of the suns of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER

A star came down to earth,
And told a wondrous story,
Of one who dwells in heaven above,
In light and love and glory.

It was the Star of Bethlehem
That told the wondrous story;
It was his Father, full of love,
Who dwelt in light and glory.

At Christmastide the star came down,
And rested in a manger
And wise men from the East bowed low
Before the heavenly stranger.

J. D. S.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great Night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of Death.

All Nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Savior's shrine,
Proclaimed the newborn light.

Light to the Shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold;
Light to the Wise Men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,—
"Glory, glory unto our God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

T. BUCHANAN READ

Night with holy silence fills
Judah's lonely vales and hills,
And the moonlight beauty sleeps
Round her rough and rocky steeps;
While aloft, in heavenly space,
Lo! that mystic star of grace!
Shining from the tranquil skies,
Over where the young child lies.

Open Thou, O God, mine eyes!
Make them quick to read the skies!
May no clouds my vision mar,
While I follow Bethlehem's star!
Lead me, like those men of old,
Through the night-paths lone and cold,
Till the star the secret tells,
Where my King Immanuel dwells.

INCREASE N. TARBOX, D. D.

X

GIFTS

And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts,—gold and frankincense and myrrh.
—Matt. II: 11.

From out the golden doors of dawn
The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon
The shoreless East they kneeling brought
Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold,
While cloudlike incense from their presence rolled.

Their sweets of flower fields, their sweet
Distillments of most sacred leaves
They laid, low bending at His feet,
As reapers bend above their sheaves—
As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus.

JOAQUIN MILLER

They came by night to worship Him
Of whom the prophets told;
They brought Him costly gifts of myrrh
And frankincense and gold.

J. D. S.

Wise men from the lands afar,
Long have watched that wondrous star;
Night by night, with eager gaze,
Caught its strange, prophetic rays:
Till their wayworn feet are led
Safely to this cradle bed,
Glad to pour the gifts they bring,
Down before the newborn King.

Meet it is to bring your gold,
And your wealth of myrrh unfold;
He whom ancient prophets saw,
Comes to magnify the law:
He, the meek and kingly child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Rises from this lowly birth,
Prince of Peace, to rule the earth.

INCREASE N. TARBOX, D. D.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
  Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
  Vainly with gold would His favors secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
  Dearer to Him are the prayers of the poor.

REGINALD HEBER

Oh, guide me sacred Star!
  To lowly Bethlehem afar;
Pause o'er the manger where I tribute bring:
No frankincense or myrrh, my offering;
  But the rich treasure of a loyal heart
I prostrate lay before the Infant King;
  May He to me His royal grace impart.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY

For thee the nard and spices,
And the fine linen's fold;
But not for these suffices
The ointment and the gold;
Things nobler still and fairer,
O Savior! shall be thine;
Man's heart hath offerings rarer,
Sweet sound, and song divine.

And prayer shall grow intenser,
And love and faith more strong,
As swings the golden censer,
As swells the glorious song,
Up through the minster arches,
Up to the skies star-sown,
Where planets in their marches
Have music of their own.

C. F. ALEXANDER

What were those the Magi offered,—
Frankincense and gold and myrrh?
* * * * *
Sometimes it is hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer;—
Do it, and you give Him gold.

Thoughts of Him in world or pleasure,
Those small grains of incense rare,
Cast upon a burning censer,
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

There are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs that will stir
Even a loving heart; but crush them
And you give our Jesus myrrh.

Give Him now, to-day, forever,
One great gift,—the first, the best;
Give your heart to Him, and ask Him
How to give Him all the rest.

A. A. PROCTER

"What shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.
Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
To speed thy coming Ray.

"Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small:
Yet, wert thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give thee all."
There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me."

ROSE TERRY COOKE

XI

THE GIFT

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.—
II Cor. IX: 15

Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a tongue.

He comes the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst.
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

This favor Christ vouchsated for our sake,
To buy us thrones He in a manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we His strength might take;
And was disrobed that He might us array.
Our flesh He wore,
Our sins to wear away;
Our cause He bore,
That we escape it may;
And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.

GEORGE WITHER

He came to make the feeble strong,
To heal the deaf and blind,
To give the dumb the voice of song,
And free the captive mind.

He came the light of life to show,
The true and living way;
Where streams of joy unceasing flow,
And lead to endless day.

S. W. LIVERMORE

What works of wisdom; power, and love
Do Jesus' high commission prove!
Attest His heaven-derived claim,
And glorify His Father's name!

On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by Him unbound
Catch all the harmony of sound.

Lameness takes up its bed and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

The shattered mind His word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

REV. EDMUND BUTCHER

He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
  To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around
And to the world's remotest bound
  The heavenly gift impart.

He comes our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
  And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
  Where reigns eternal day.

JANE ELIZABETH ROSCOE

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
  To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
  Was His divine employ.

WILLIAM ENFIELD, D. D.

The lame and palsied freely rise,
With joy the dumb do sing;
And, on the darkened, blinded eyes,
Glad beams of morning spring!

ANON.

See, Mercy from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

CHARLES WESLEY

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
  Great David's greater Son!
Hail! in the time appointed
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
  To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
  Were precious in His sight.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

XII

LOYALTY

Hosanna; blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Jn. XII: 13.

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.—Matt. XXI: 9.

Hosanna! be our cheerful song
To Christ our Savior King;
His praise, to whom we all belong,
Let all unite to sing.

Hosanna! here in joyful bands,
Let old and young proclaim;
And hail, with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name.

Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer, still,
Woods echo to the strain.

Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

ANON.

Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
  Each creature, sing:
Angels! begin the song;
Mortals! the strain prolong—
In accents sweet and strong,—
  " Jesus is King!"

Proclaim abroad His name;
Tell of His matchless fame;
  What wonders done!
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,—
  Vict'ry is won!"

KINGSBURY

Let all that dwell above the sky
  And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
  And speak thine endless praise.

ISAAC WATTS

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
  On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
  We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
  Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
  With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

405677

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

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